

AN
Archie
MAGAZINE

PEEP COMICS

NO.
60



Starring **ARCHIE ANDREWS!**

MARCH

10c

HASN'T SHE GOT BEAUTIFUL LINES, ARCHIE?

AND
HOW!



**WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM**

SHIELD G-MAN CLUB

BULLETIN No. 38

Hi pals!

Well, the results from the last issue's contest came in hot and heavy and are still coming in. There were loads of winners. Unfortunately, we do not have enough room on this page to print them all, so we will have to go by the rule of first come, first serve.

Here are the names of some winners:

JUNIOR NICHOLAS
321 Vernon Ave.
Brooklyn 6, N. Y.
CURTIS RAY FORD
Route 3, Box 809
Salem, Oregon
DANNIE JOE GLASCOCK
Route 1, Box 201-D
Delhi, Calif.
KAY RORHOLT
4603-7th Ave.
Brooklyn, N. Y.
RODNEY A. TARSON
Box 116
Baker, Montana
PATRICIA MOLONEY
97 Edgemont Road
East Braintree 84, Mass.
GENE CAREY
Hartline, Wash.

DAVID PACE WIGRANSKY
1409 Manchester Lane, Northwest
Washington 11, D. C.
WALTER R. LORD, JR.
15852 Turner
Detroit 21, Mich.
LAYNE HICKOK
Victory, Wisc.
KATHRYN HINES
Nelly's Landing, Mo.
JOHN BAILEY
55 Crosby Place
New Rochelle, N. Y.
ARTHUR BASSETT
972 Leggett Ave.
Bronx 55, N. Y.
CHARLES LEITCH
1728 Gorsciah Ave.
Baltimore 18, Md.

IRA WASSERMAN
60 South Main St.
Carbondale, Pa.
DONALD RAY CORNETT
Allais, Ky.
ROBERT BREWER
25 Summit
Norwich, Conn.
JERRY ALLEN GHARST
Box 52
Loda, Ill.
JANET OPSAHL
150-30 114 Road
Jamaica, N. Y.
ELWOOD HAMILTON
199 Augusta Road
Bath, S. C.
MURRELL GRAVES
1003 E. Maple
Cushing, Okla.

HEYWARD TIBBS, JR.
675 Walnut St.
Lexington, Ky.
IRWIN NATHAN
195 Vernon Ave.
Brooklyn 6, N. Y.
MALCOLM P. STROHSON
1257 Washington Ave.
Bronx 56, N. Y.
MILDRED B. BOMAR
Route 6
Paris, Tenn.
ROGER QUIMRY
220 W. 25th St.
New York, N. Y.
SIGRID CASSIL
185-42 Chelsea St.
Jamaica, N. Y.

For the hundreds of winners whose names do not appear on this page, you will get your FREE COPY OF PEP COMICS just the same as fast as we can get them to you. Congratulations to you all. You are a credit to the Shield G-Man Club and Dusty and I are proud of you. We will run another contest pretty soon, perhaps the next issue. So long until our next get together.

*Sincerely
Joe Higgins*

CUT ON THIS LINE

USE THIS ENTIRE COUPON!!

JUST PRINT PLAINLY ON THIS COUPON, YOUR NAME, ADDRESS, AGE AND SEND IT TO ME WITH 10c TO COVER COST OF MAILING AND HANDLING.

Joe Higgins
Room 603
241 Church St.
New York City

Dear Joe:

Please enroll me as a member of the **SHIELD G-MAN CLUB**. I am enclosing this coupon together with Ten Cents to cover the costs of handling and mailing my Badge and Identification Card.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY.....STATE.....



EXACT COPY OF BADGE
IN THREE COLORS
RED—WHITE—BLUE

Archie

in

"Masquerade Monkeyshines"

PSST...SLIP THIS NOTE
TO VERONICA, WILL
YA, JUG?

OKAY, ARCHIE!
LET'S HAVE
IT!



PSST...IT'S A
DATE, ARCHIE!

ATTENTION, CLASS,
WHILE I GIVE YOU
YOUR HOMEWORK
ASSIGNMENT!







AND SO COMES THE NIGHT OF THE MASQUERADE! LET'S SEE WHAT OUR HERO HAS UP HIS SLEEVE BESIDES HIS ELBOW!

AT LAST I'M OFF DUTY! NOW TO SEE IF THE COAST IS CLEAR!



THEY WON'T MIND MY **BORROWING** THE UNIFORM JUST FOR TONIGHT... I HOPE!



HIYA, DREAMBEAM! SHALL WE ANKLE?

I'M JUST TRYING ON MY COSTUME, ARCHIE!



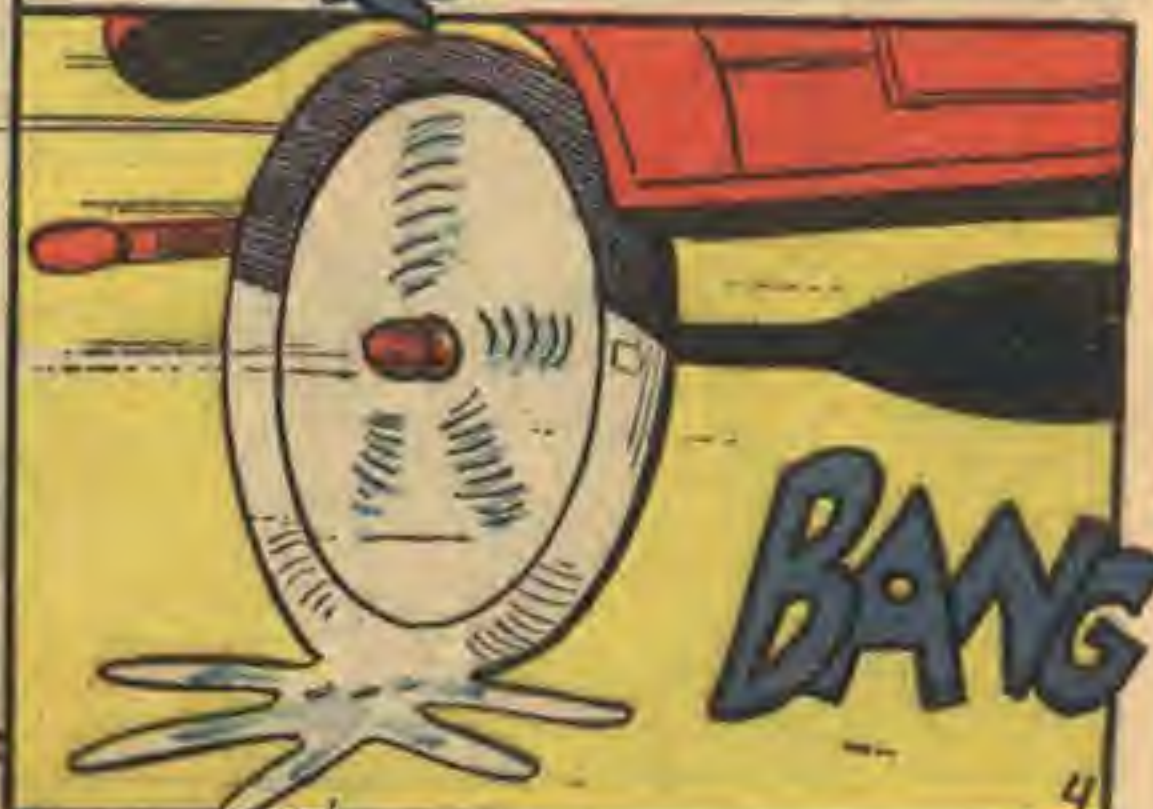
HOW DO YOU LIKE IT?

WOW!



YOU HAVEN'T TOLD ME WHAT **YOU'RE** WEARING YET!

IT'S A **SURPRISE**, VERONICA! IT'LL KNOCK YOUR EYE OUT!





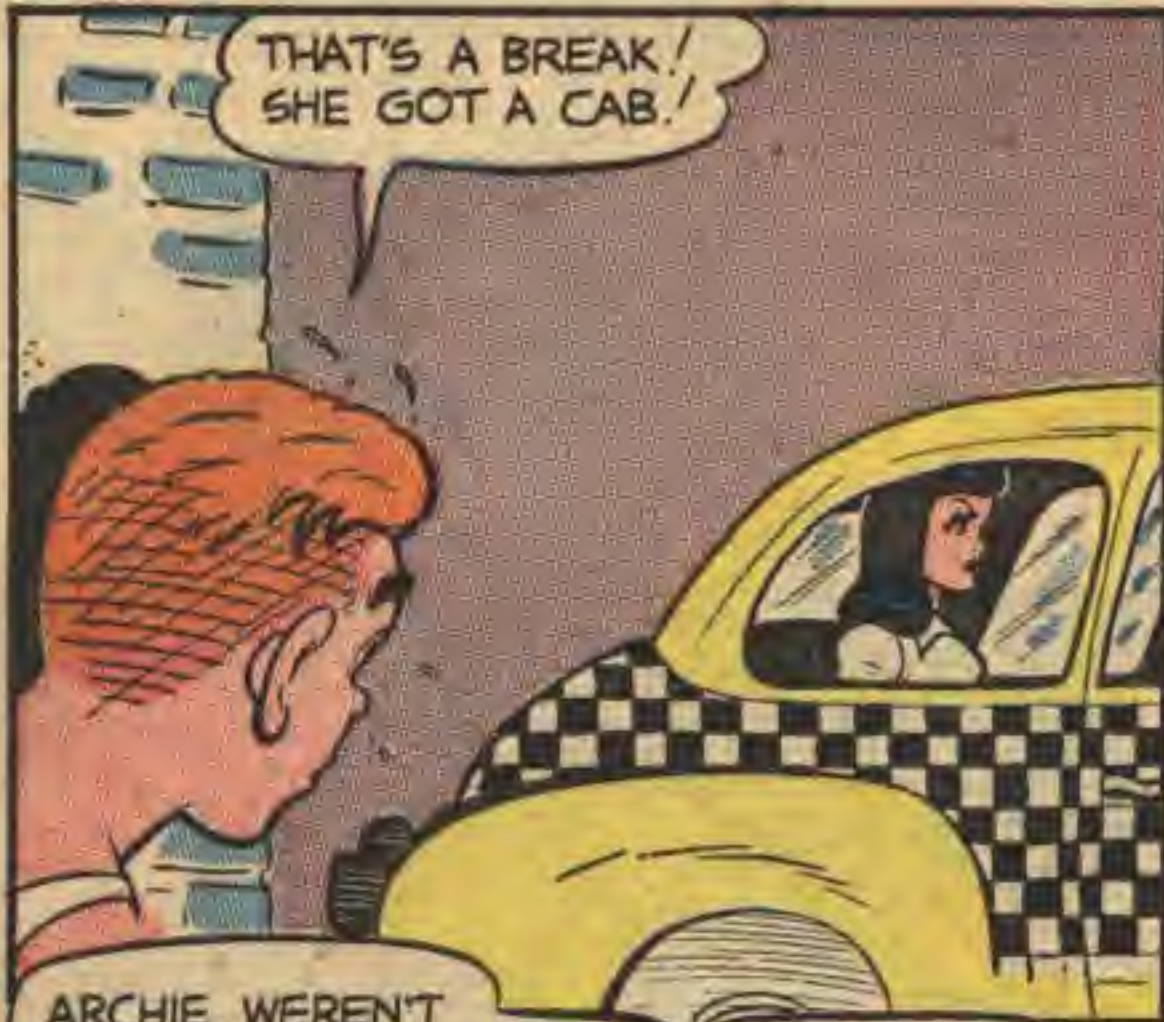


AND DON'T COME BACK!

OOF!



OMIGOSH! WHAT A SPOT! HOW'LL I EXPLAIN IT TO VERONICA?



THAT'S A BREAK! SHE GOT A CAB!



OH, THERE YOU ARE, ARCHIE! HOW DID YOU MAKE OUT WITH YOUR SUIT?

OH, IT.. AH.. CAME OFF AS I EXPECTED!



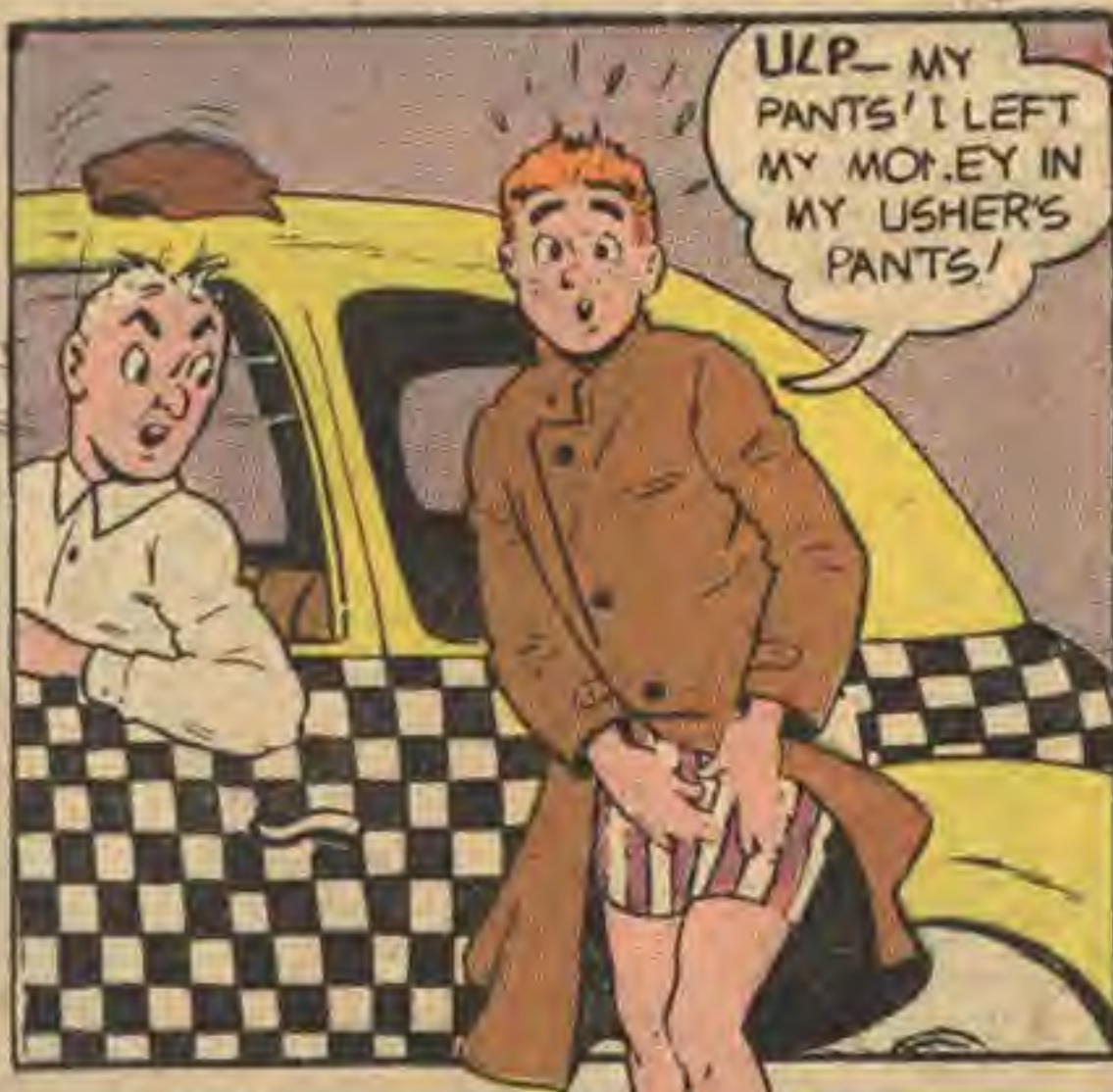
ARCHIE, WEREN'T YOU WEARING TROUSERS WHEN WE STARTED OUT?

WHO, ME? (GULP) OF COURSE NOT!



JUST A MINUTE, BUB! THAT'LL BE TWO BUCKS EVEN!

HUH-- OH-- YEAH!





NO, JUG! NOT THAT! I COULDN'T!

SHUT UP!
THIS IS A
MATTER OF
LIFE OR
DEATH YOU
SAID, DIDN'T
YOU?



UH... HOW DO
YOU LIKE IT,
VERONICA?

ARCHIE ANDREWS!
ARE YOU TRYING
TO MAKE A
FOOL OF ME?

HAW, HAW...
FOR ONCE
HE LOOKS AS
STUPID AS HE
IS!

...AND YOU
NEEDN'T BOTHER
ESCORTING ME!

BUT... BUT,
VERONICA...



OH, WELL, THERE
ARE PLENTY OF
OTHER GIRLS TO
DANCE WITH!

HOW ABOUT
ANKLIN' WITH
ME, VIVIAN?

UH... JUDY,
WOULD YOU...

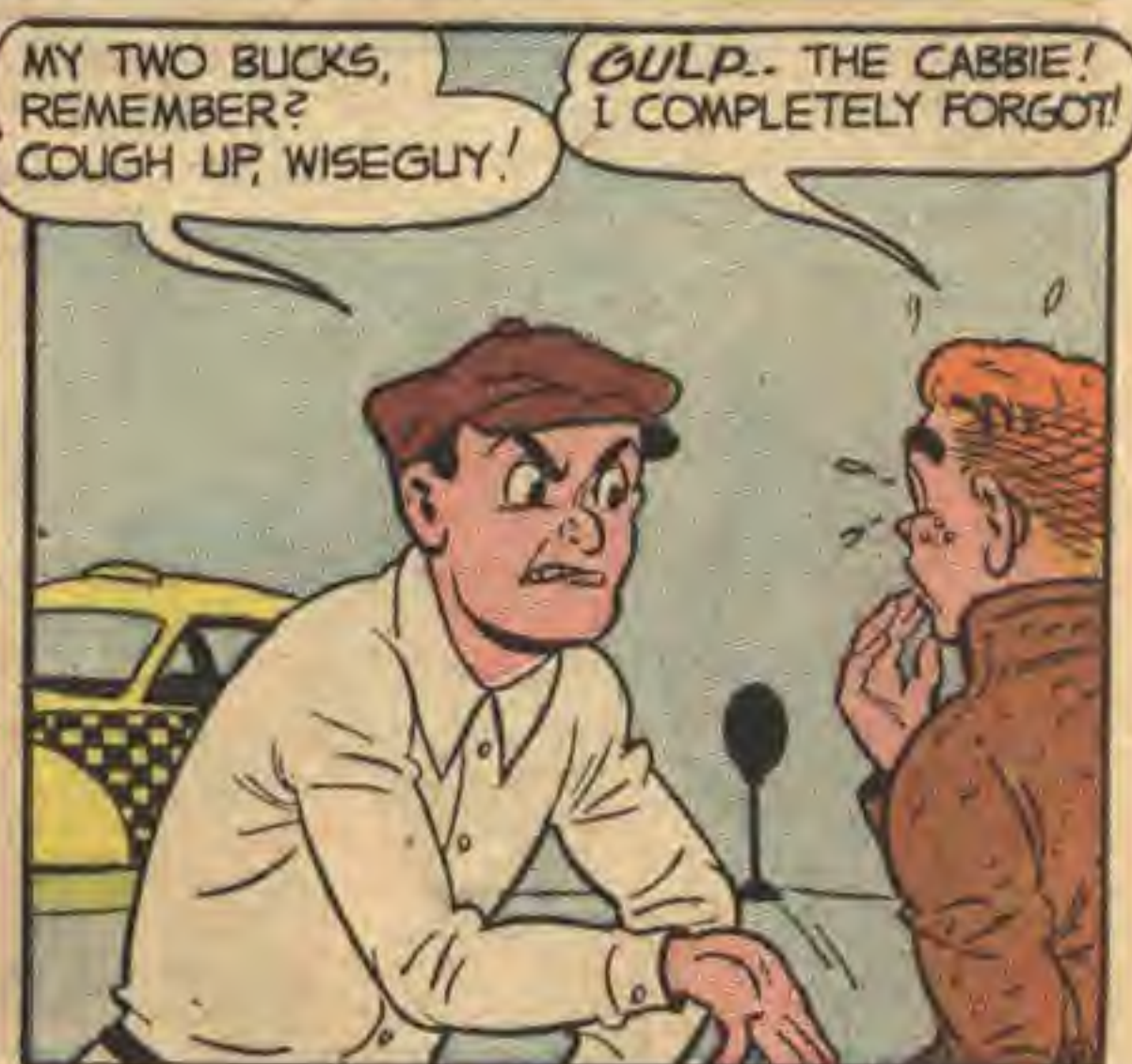
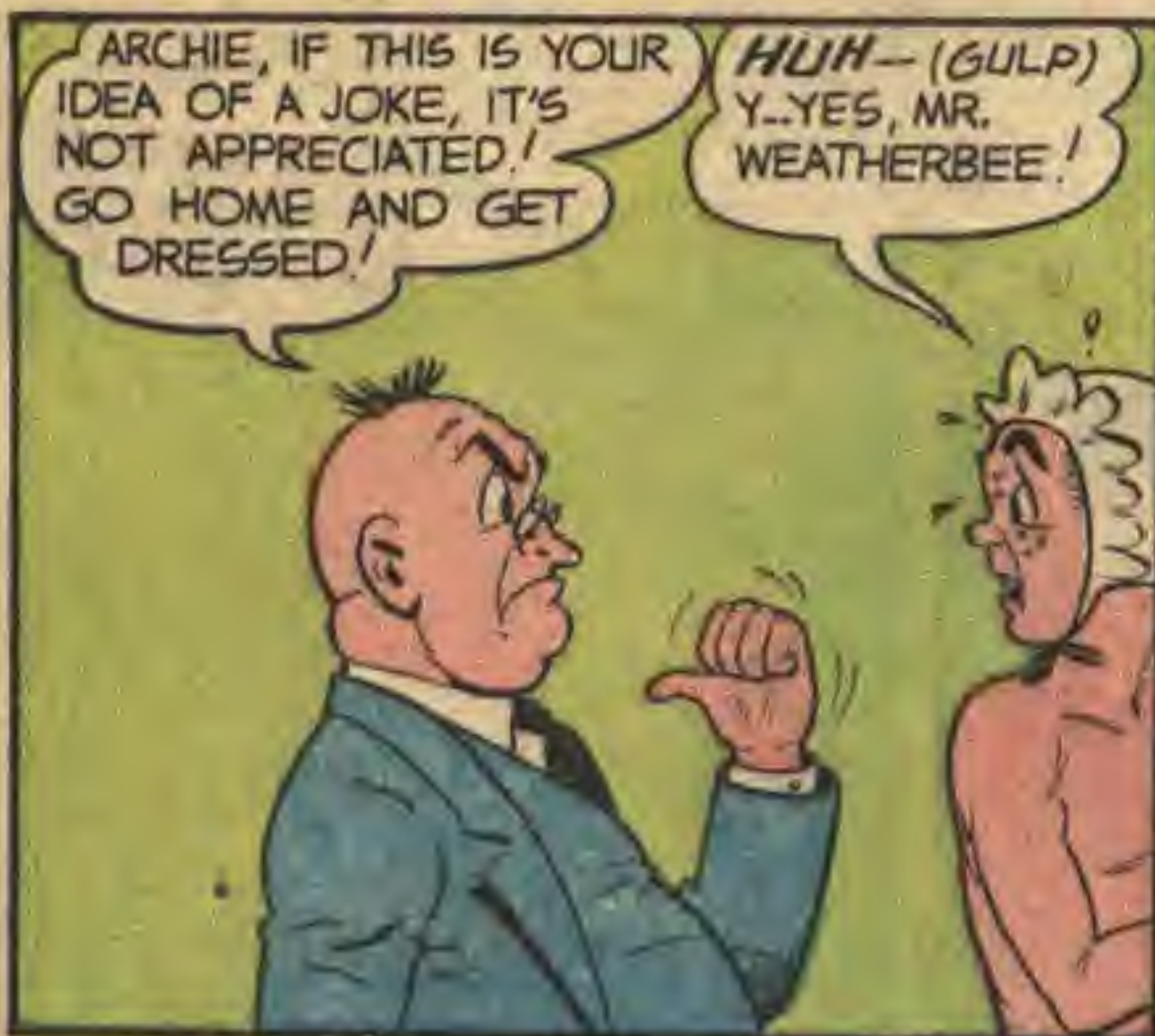
GO PLAY WITH
YOUR DOLLS,
BABY. FACE!

UH... I'M
AFRAID NOT,
ARCHIE!

AND MAKE
A SPECTACLE
OF MYSELF!
I SHOULD
SAY NOT!

ER... MY
FEET
HURT!







HERE ARE JUST A FEW SAMPLES OF THE THINGS THAT CAN AND DO HAPPEN TO ARCHIE IN

Archie COMICS

IT'S SO FUNNY YOU'LL FALL FLAT ON YOUR FACE LAUGHING AND THEN YOU'LL GET UP AND LAUGH AGAIN!

RUN! DON'T WALK TO YOUR NEAREST NEWSSTAND! AND GET YOUR COPY OF ARCHIE COMICS RIGHT NOW!



PEP CONTEST PAGE

HERE'S A CONTEST IN WHICH IT'S PIE TO WIN!! ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS SEND IN A LETTER OR POSTCARD, TELLING US YOUR FAVORITE CHARACTER IN PEP COMICS! THE TEN BEST LETTERS WILL RECEIVE A YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION OF PEP COMICS FREE! ALL OTHERS WILL RECEIVE A SAVINGS STAMP WHEN THEIR NAMES APPEAR ON THIS PAGE. SO, SEND IN YOUR LETTERS, AND WATCH THIS PAGE FOR YOUR NAME. ADDRESS ALL LETTERS TO---

**PEP COMICS, 241 CHURCH ST.
NEW YORK CITY, NEW YORK**

HERE ARE THE LUCKY TEN WHO WIN A YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION OF PEP COMICS!

DONALD BLATTNER
850 COLBURN ST.
TOLEDO 9, OHIO

MARY DZUMARA
214 GIBB ST.
OSHAWA, ONTARIO

JOHN NIXON
WHITE BRIDGE RD.
NASHVILLE, TENN.

SAMUEL ERWIN
KIMMSWICK
MISSOURI

BILL HUDDLESTON
902 MALCOLN AVE.
NEWPORT, ARK.

GLORIA THOMPSON
2010 E. MARKET
STOCKTON, CALIF.

EVA HEIL
BOX 24
WAMEOKI, ILL.

ALVIS KENYON
3 MILL ST.
SHELTON, WASH.

LADELLE NEWBY
2038 MC PHERSON
DETROIT, MICH.

WALTER SMITH
333 ST. CHARLES ST.
BROWNSVILLE, TEX.

AND HERE ARE THE WINNERS OF SAVING STAMPS!

CHARLES WELLS
7 SOUND RD.
RYE, N.Y.

NINA MALETT
19126 MITCHELL
DETROIT, MICH.

BETTY TURNER
3340 E. 123 ST.
CLEVELAND, OHIO

DOROTHY BLENKA
1720 N. TRIPP AVE.
CHICAGO, ILL.

JOANN TUMINELLO
5828 ST. VINCENT
SHREVEPORT, LA.

KATHERINE DAVIES
RIDGETOP
TENNESSEE

BARBARA SWITZER
HOLMESVILLE
NEBRASKA

MAREENE EKSTEDS
ST. JAMES
MINNESOTA

MARY LOU WATKINS
WARREN
ARIZONA

JANET BOYAN
2412 CROMWELL
NORFOLK, VA.

JOSEPH PYTLEWSKI
1837 E. ONTARIO
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

CONSTANCE CORDIERA
KITCHENER ST.
TIVERTON, R.I.

JOAN GARRETT
2627 E. JONES ST.
SAVANNAH, GA.

DORIS MOORE
FALLSBURG
KENTUCKY

MARGARET WIEEKERS
133 CRESTON RD.
STRATFORD, CONN.

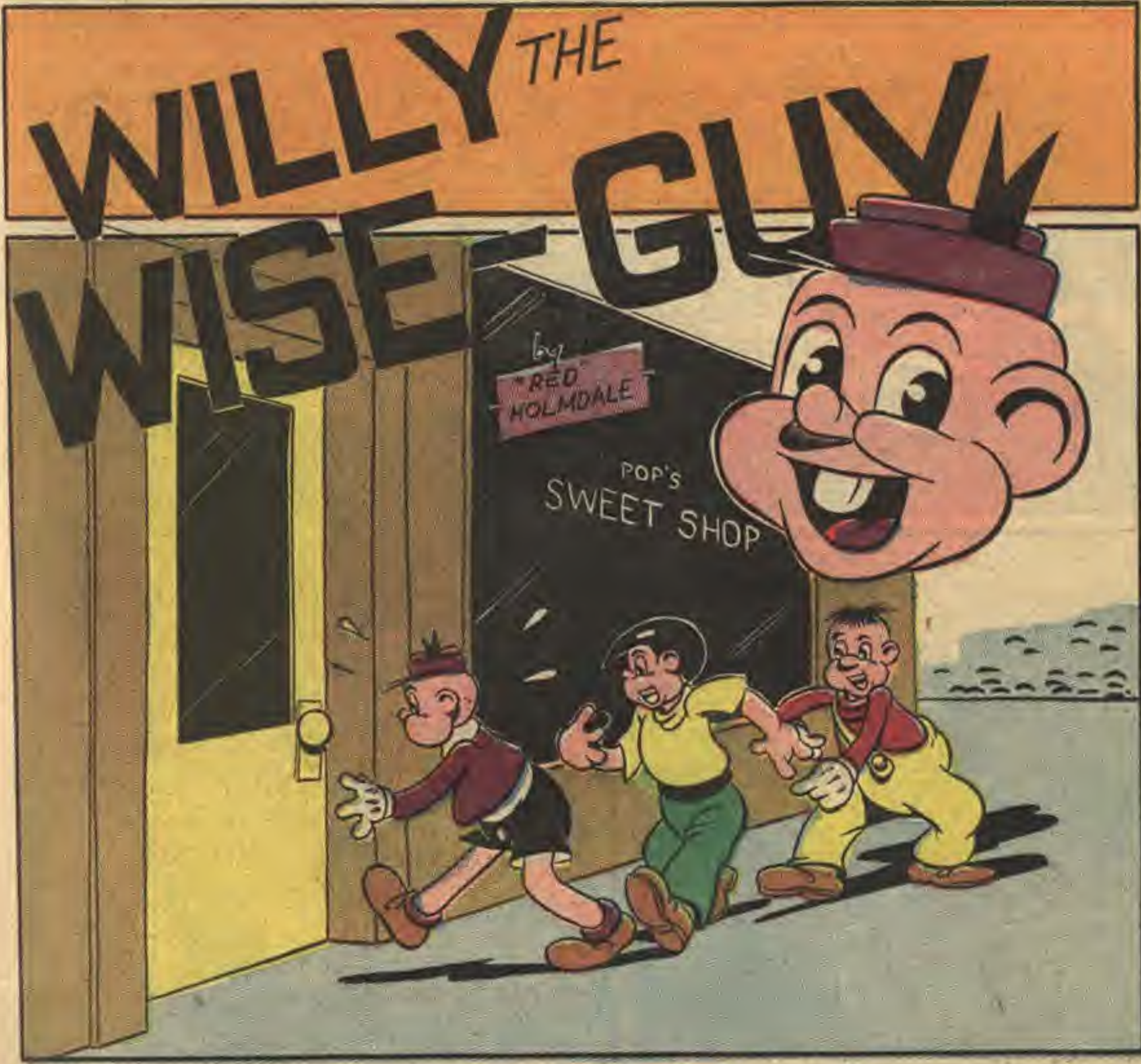
CONNIE CHAVEZ
4119 E. MICHIGAN
LOS ANGELES, CALIF.

SHIRLEY COMPRONE
102 MARY ST.
SYRACUSE, N.Y.

DAWN TEACHOUT
BALDWIN
MICHIGAN

SHIRLEY BYERS
BRAYMER
MISSOURI

CAROL ANN LADD
27 DECATUR ST.
BURLINGTON, VT.







THE ORIGINAL
SHIELD
AND
DUSTY
THE
BOY DETECTIVE

The CASE
of the
LIVING
PUPPETS





FAR INTO THE NIGHT, MARCO
THE MASTER DUMMY MAKER
TOILS OVER HIS LATEST
MASTERPIECE..







AMAZING! I WANT
THOSE PUPPETS, MARCO!
I'LL PAY YOU ANY
PRICE YOU ASK!



NO, DRAGO! ALL
THE MONEY IN THE
WORLD COULD NOT
BY THEM! I COULDN'T
THINK OF SELLING
MY CHILDREN!
MY CHILDREN,
HEH, HEH!



YOU FOOL! I'LL
TAKE THOSE
PUPPETS MY
OWN WAY!

DRAGO!
NO!
URRGHN!







I KNEW DRAGO WAS UP TO NO GOOD, WHEN HE CAME RUNNIN' IN WITH TWO PUPPETS LIKE A MANIAC!

TWO PUPPETS, EH? WHERE'S DRAGO'S DRESSING ROOM, POP?



DOWN THE HALL FIRST ONE ON YER RIGHT! YOU CAN'T MISS IT!



MEANWHILE, IN DRAGO'S DRESSING ROOM—

COME NOW, LET US REHEARSE THE ACT!



DANCE, LITTLE ONES, DANCE... HA! HA! HA!



HA-NA.. LOOK AT THEM, MY BEAUTIFUL PUPPETS! THEY OBEY MY WILL! THEY'RE DANCING!



SO WILL YOU, DRAGO! DANCING ON AIR WITH YOUR NECK TIED TO THE WRONG END OF A ROPE!

TH.. THE POLICE!



SUDDENLY DRAGO BENDS LOW
AND WHISPERS TO THE PUPPETS.

LOOKIT THE SCREWBALL
WHISPERIN' TO THOSE DUMMIES
AS IF THEY WERE ALIVE!



THEN WHILE JOE HIGGINS' AND GILHOOLEY'S
ATTENTION ARE RIVETED ON DRAGO, THE
PUPPETS DISAPPEAR BEHIND A CURTAIN,
AND...



YOU KILLED MARCO,
DIDN'T YE, DRAGO?
YE MIGHT AS WELL
COME CLEAN!

OF COURSE, I
KILLED MARCO!
WHY SHOULD I
DENY IT...



.. SINCE I'M GOING
TO KILL YOU ALSO,
HA, HA, HA, HA!

WHAT
TH...



GILHOOLEY!
SPEAK TO
ME! ARE YOU
ALL RIGHT?









COME MY LITTLE ONES...
NO ONE SHALL
TAKE YOU
FROM ME
EVER!



DRAGO'S FOOT CATCHES ON A PIECE
OF ROPE AT THE END OF THE
PLATFORM...



At-E-E-E-



POOR FOOL!
AND HE FELL
RIGHT ON TOP
OF HIS DOLLS
TOO!



A SHORT WHILE LATER...

LOOK AT THEM,
GILHOOLEY! THESE
PUPPETS!

HOLY
SAINTS!
TH... THEY'RE
DRIPPIN'
BLOOD, JOE!



LATER, AT HEADQUARTERS...

GOOD WORK, GILHOOLEY! YOU
DESERVE A LOT OF CREDIT
FOR CATCHING THAT
MURDERER SO FAST!

FAITH! 'TWA
NOTHIN, CHIEF!
ME FRIEND
HIGGINS HERE
HELPED ME
A LITTLE!



WELL, AS A REWARD, I'M TAKING YOU
OUT OF THE STICKS AND GIVING
YOU A NEW BEAT.. THE
NORTHVILLE STADIUM!

THERE'S A PUPPET SHOW
GOING ON THERE!

O O O F F

HA
HA
HA
HA

THE FAT'S IN THE FIRE

AN ARCHIE STORY

A COLD, bleak wind tore out of the north, whipping the naked trees into dancing demons and throwing distorted shadows on the bare lawn and across the house.

Inside, huddled beside the fireplace Archie was deep in the latest Ghoul Murder Mystery, comfortable beside the cheery fire and aglow with the good feeling of being inside on this wild night, with the family.

"Archie," Mr. Andrews called, and Archie was jolted into the world of reality just as the depraved Ghoul crept up on his next victim. "Archie, mother and I are going out to visit the Shortens tonight. Care to come along?"

"Uh, gee, no thanks, Dad, I'm right in the mid-

dle of a swell story."

Mrs. Andrews walked in putting on her hat. "You won't be afraid to stay alone, will you, dear?"

"Who, me? Gosh, mom, you must think I'm still a kid."

"Well, all right, but if anything comes up, give us a ring."

Archie settled down to picking up the thread of the story. Ah, now the book was getting good. . . .

"The grisly Ghoul crept silently to the window, knife in hand and looked in at the innocent boy before the fireplace." Upstairs a door slammed and Archie stirred uneasily. The door slammed again and Archie cast a glance at the open stairway. It probably was only the wind, for after all there

was no one else in the house. He was all alone. ALONE. Just then the wind howled ominously through the quiet house. Archie felt a strange chill gnawing at his stomach. He craved companionship but there was no one here. Even a dog would . . . that was if he'd find his dog, Oscar, in the kitchen. Archie looked but Oscar wasn't there.

Well, perhaps she was out in the dog house and as he opened the door the wind whistled eerily again. He slammed it shut and shivered. He bolted the door. Suddenly Archie froze in his tracks. A chain had rattled outside. Or WAS it a chain? The hair on the back of his neck stiffened and his heart stopped as the noise

came again. But maybe it was only Oscar.

Archie looked out the window. The rain beat madly and the shadows flitted by, falling on a weird object. The lightning flashed and the *THING* lurched forward, its huge head bent into the wind. Archie rubbed his eyes. It was gone and all he could see were sparks sputtering where it had been. Suddenly there was a mad pounding on the door, the sound of scuffling and then a heavy something falling to the ground. Wild-eyed, Archie bolted for the telephone . . . but the line was dead. This was it. *THE THING* had cut the telephone wire and now it was coming to get him.

He ran upstairs wildly. Then the sound of furried footsteps and someone trying the door. Well, *IT* would have to break it

down and by that time maybe . . . but the unmistakable scraping of a key searching for the keyhole came to his ears. The tumbler in the lock kicked over and slithery footsteps came padding inside.

Archie ducked into a closet. From behind a line of coats he could hear sibilant whisperings. And then they called his name.

Archie poked his head out through the door and there stood his Pop and Mom at the bottom of the stairs dripping wet. "Archie," yelled Mr. Andrews, "what in the world are you doing?"

"Why, uh, hello, dad . . . just closing a window, that's all. I thought you went to see the Shortens."

"They're out of town. No wonder you didn't hear him pounding on the door."

"W-who pounding on the door, dad?"

"Why, the laundry boy. We saw him running off as we came up the drive."

"Goodness, what a dreadful storm," added Mrs. Andrews irrelevantly. "All the telephone wires are down. It's a good thing you didn't try to use the phone, Archie. You might have imagined all kinds of things."

"Ha, ha, sure Mom. Good thing I . . . ah . . . Well . . . uh . . . g'night folks. Think I'll hit the hay."

"I wish you wouldn't read that horrible book in bed, dear," Mrs. Andrews called after him. "It's liable to give you nightmares. I don't know how you can read such gruesome stuff anyway. It would scare me half to death."

"It don't bother me at all, Mom. *I CAN TAKE IT*. G'night folks."

"Good night, Archie."

KATY KEENE

The PIN-UP QUEEN

by
Bill Woggon



HURRY! GET UP, SIS! THE
EARLY BIRD GETS THE **WORM**
--TODAY WE HAVE A DATE TO
GO TO THE BEACH WITH
LESLIE WESLEY, THE
MAGAZINE PHOTOGRAPHER!



YOU DON'T HAVE TO CALL ME
TWICE WHEN YOU SAY BEACH,
KATY---BUT WHO WANTS TO
EAT WORMS--I WANT HOT-DOGS,
POP AN' HAMBURGERS WITH
A PICKLE IN TH' MIDDLE AN'
MUSTARD ON TOP!



I DON'T KNOW WHAT MAGAZINE
LES WORKS FOR BUT I'LL BET HE'LL
WANT TO TAKE PIN-UPS, SO
I'D BETTER TAKE A COUPLE
OF BATHING SUITS, MY
BACKLESS PLAY SL...-AN-



GOODNESS! THERE HE IS ALREADY AND
I'M NOT DRESSED OR HAVE I MADE UP MY
MIND WHICH SWIMMING SUIT TO TAKE---
--SIS, WILL YOU ANSWER THE DOOR?

RING
RING



WELL, IF I KNOW LES
HE WON'T TAKE ANY
PICTURES LIKE THAT,
HE EVEN BLUSHES
WHEN HE SEES A
TABLE LEG THAT'S
UNCOVERED!





GOOD MORNING LESLIE BUT I THOUGHT WE WERE GOING TO THE BEACH - WHY THE SCARF AN OVERCOAT?

GOOD MORNIN' AH



AH CHOO!

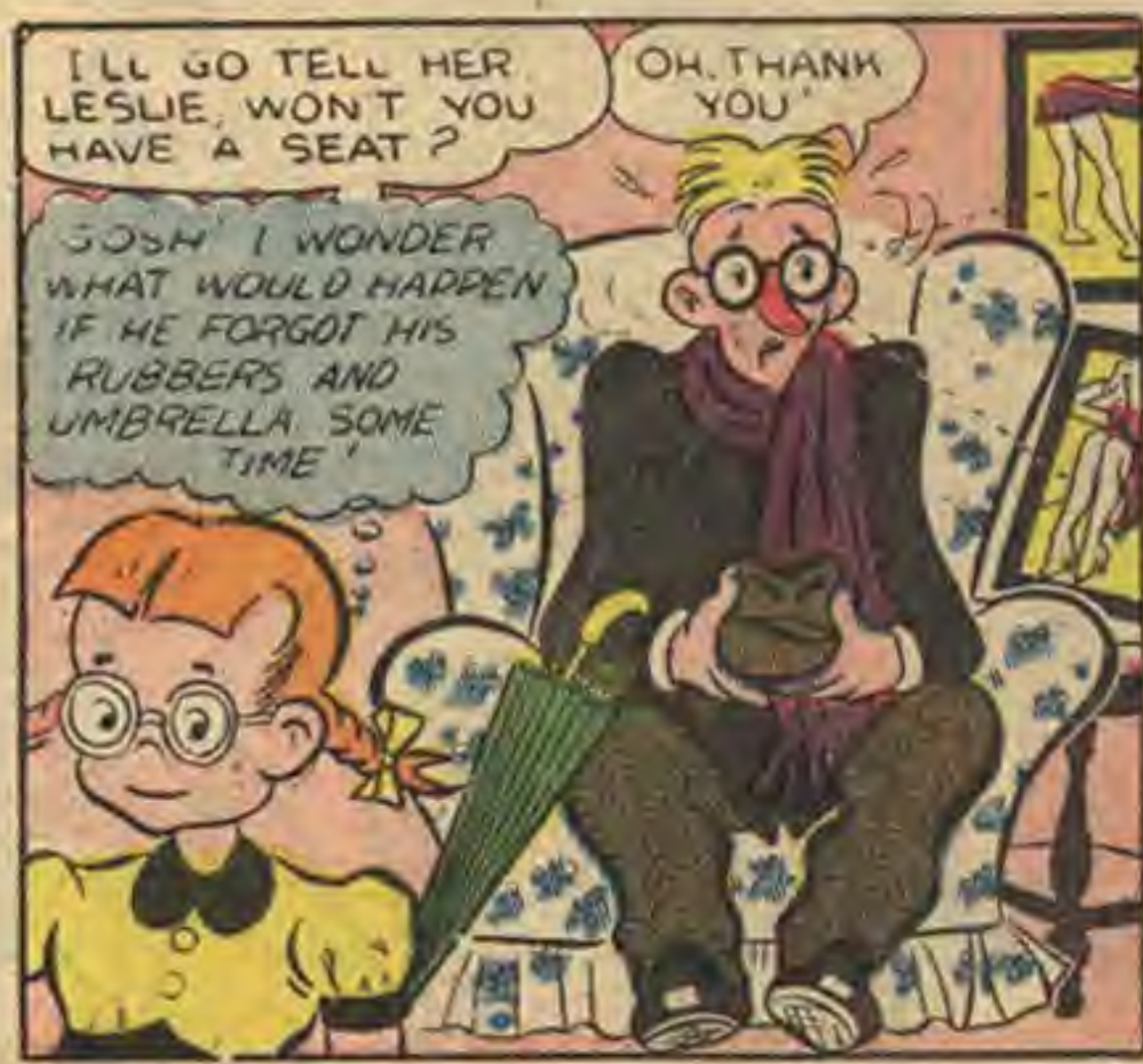
MY GOODNESS! THIS DAMP MORNING AIR IS TOO TOO MUCH FOR ME - MAY I HAVE A GLASS OF WATER SIS?

SNIFF! SNIFF!



OH, THANK YOU, SIS, I MUST TAKE MY VITAMIN PILL - IS KATY NEARLY READY? TELL HER TO DRESS WARM!

SNIFF



I'LL GO TELL HER, LESLIE, WON'T YOU HAVE A SEAT?

OH, THANK YOU

GOSH! I WONDER WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IF HE FORGOT HIS RUBBERS AND UMBRELLA SOME TIME!



GOOD MORNING LESLIE, I TOOK YOUR ADVICE AND DRESSED WARM!



GOODNESS ME, KATY, YOU'LL CATCH YOU'RE DEATH OF COLD! - GULP!

SNIFF



HERE WE ARE, KATY, AND WHAT A BEAUTIFUL DAY TO TAKE SOME PICTURES!

BUT FIRST YOU'LL WANT TO PUT ON YOUR BATHING SUIT WON'T YOU?

HOT DOGS
TWO DOGS PLEASE!



OH, GOODNESS ME!--DON'T YOU THINK IT'S A BIT CHILLY FOR A SWIM SUIT?-- BUT OF COURSE IF YOU INSIST I'LL BE REAL DARING AND EXPOSE MY SKIN TO THE SUN-RAYS!

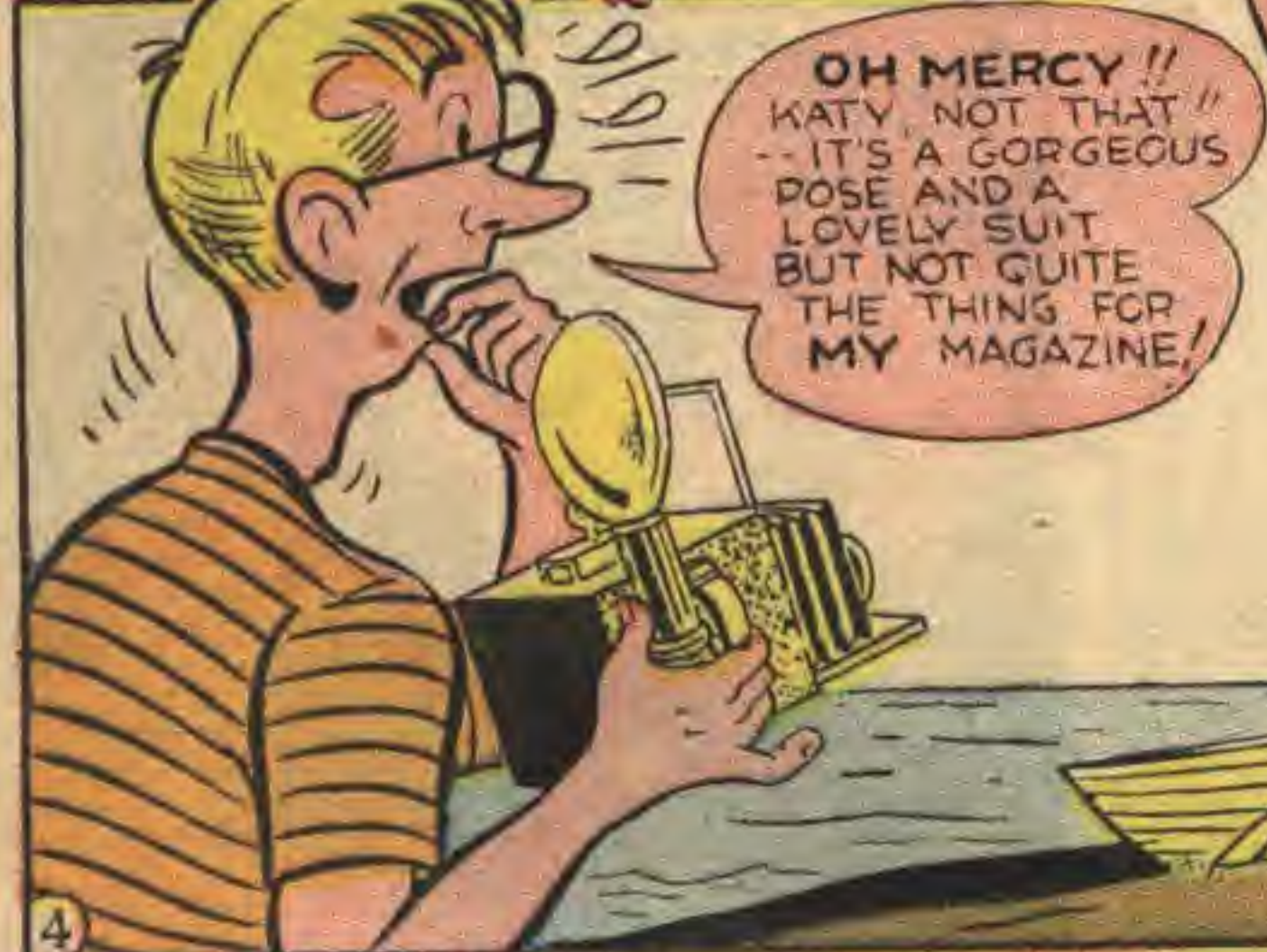
I DO-- PLEASE A SUN BATH WILL DO US BOTH GOOD



OKAY, KATY, I'M READY-- NOW ABOUT THOSE PICTURES?



OH YES! YOU'LL WANT SOME **PIN-UPS** LIKE THIS FOR YOUR MAGAZINE, NO DOUBT!



OH MERCY!! KATY, NOT THAT-- IT'S A GORGEOUS POSE AND A LOVELY SUIT BUT NOT QUITE THE THING FOR MY MAGAZINE!

MAYBE YOUR EDITOR
MIGHT PASS THIS
COSTUME AND POSE,
LESLIE?



OH, KATY, I'M AFRAID MY
EDITOR WOULDN'T ALLOW
EVEN THAT--I'M SORRY!
I REALLY AM

A POP
AND A
CONE!



WELL! YOUR EDITOR
SURELY WILL OKAY
THIS POSE IN
MY PLAY SUIT!!



GOODNESS, KATY, YOUR
BACK IS EXPOSED.
--- I'D GET SHOT IF
I BROUGHT THAT IN!



SO! THIS COSTUME
DOESN'T PLEASE YOU
EITHER--WELL! I
KNOW JUST THE
ONE THAT WILL!



IF THIS DOESN'T
SATISFY HIM I
GIVE UP!!

WELL! HOW DO
YOU LIKE **THIS**
COSTUME AND
PIN-UP POSE, LES?

NOW THAT'S JUST LOVELY
--**JUST LOVELY**, KATY, MY
EDITOR WILL GO SIMPLY
WILD OVER THAT ONE!!



I FORGOT TO TELL
YOU, KATY, I WORK
FOR THE "MARITIME"
MAGAZINE AND MY
SUBJECT TODAY WAS
TO BE EITHER A LOBSTER
OR A DIVING SUIT--THIS
IS **JUST PERFECT!**



The
END

THE Black Hood

The
"KISS of
DEATH"





HELLO, WHAT'S THIS?



IS THIS MY OFFICE OR A CONVENTION HALL?



WELL, YOUNG MAN, IT'S ABOUT TIME YOU SHOWED UP! NO DOUBT YOU'VE HEARD OF ME! I'M MRS. J.G. WORTHMORE! THIS IS MY SON, JAMES JR. AND MY SECRETARY, JANE GRAY!



MRS. FANNY WORTHMORE, WIDOW OF THE MULTI-MILLIONAIRE RAILROAD MAGNATE, AND OWNER OF THE FAMOUS KASHMIRI DIAMOND!

PRECISELY!



I HAVE DECIDED TO HIRE A DETECTIVE TO GUARD MY JEWEL! ARE YOU INTERESTED MR. HOOD?



PLEASE SAY YOU'LL TAKE THE JOB, BLACK HOOD! MRS. WORTHMORE IS TAKING THE DIAMOND WITH HER ON A TRIP, AND I'M SO WORRIED SOMETHING MIGHT HAPPEN!



HMM. WITH A ROCK THAT SIZE YOU'VE GOT PLENTY OF REASON TO BE WORRIED, MISS GRAY!

BUT OUR WORRIES WOULD BE OVER IF YOU WERE OUR BODY GUARD! YOU SEE YOU'VE GOT QUITE A REPUTATION, MR. HOOD!

WHILE OUTSIDE THE DOOR...

I HATE TO BE
EAVESDROPPIN'
BEGORRAH! BUT
THE HOOD SEEMS
TO HAVE GOTTEN
HIMSELF QUITE
AN INTERESTIN'
CASE!

BLACK HOOD
DETECTIVE AGENCY

OUR TRAIN LEAVES BROAD ST.
STATION AT TEN. I'VE TAKEN
THE LIBERTY TO RESERVE A
COMPARTMENT FOR YOU..
THAT IS.. IF
YOU ACCEPT
THE CASE!

LADY, I LIKE YOUR
STYLE.. YOU'VE JUST
HIRED MRS. WORTHMORE
A DETECTIVE!

GOOD!
AND SINCE
IT IS 9:30,
I SUGGEST
WE LEAVE
FOR THE
STATION
NOW!

THERE THEY GO..
IT'S A GOOD
THING I HEARD
WHERE THEY'RE
GOIN'!

SO, IT'S A BODY GUARD
THE HOOD'S GOIN' TO BE,
BEGORRAH! WELL, I'M
THINKIN' THE HOOD'S
GOIN' TO NEED A LITTLE
BODY GUARDIN'
HIMSELF!

MC. GINTY'S
GONNA BE ON
THAT TRAIN
TOO.. IN
DISGUISE!



HERE SHE IS,
RIGHT ON TIME!
LET'S GET
ABOARD!



OOPS! HEY, MISTER,
WHAT'S THE RUSH?



OH, IT'S YOU, MC. GINTY!
WHAT ARE YOU DOING
IN THE FISHERMAN'S
OUTFIT?

GOIN' FISHING,
YOU FATHEAD!
WHAT DID YOU
THINK?



FISHING? ARE YOU
KIDDING? WHAT'S THE
GAME?

YOU'VE GOT YOUR
SECRETS, HOOD, AND
I'VE GOT MINE...
DAGNABBIT!



NOW, I WONDER WHY HE'S
HERE! IS IT COINCIDENCE?
I'VE HAD THE FEELING, THAT
SOMEONE'S BEEN FOLLOWING
US, BUT WHY MAC?



I GET IT! A-HA-HA--OH, BROTHER!
HE'S AS SUBTLE AS A SLEDGE HAMMER!
OLD SERGEANT
MC. GINTY MUST
HAVE FOUND OUT
ABOUT MY CASE,
SO, HE DECIDED
TO PLAY DETECTIVE
AND FOLLOW
ME!



HE EVEN MANAGED TO GET A COMPARTMENT RIGHT NEAR MINE! WHAT A CHARACTER!



THE GIANT TRAIN ROARS OUT OF THE CITY AND RACES OFF INTO THE NIGHT--



WHEN YOU RETIRE, I SUGGEST, THAT YOU ALL TAKE THE PRECAUTION OF KEEPING THE DOORS TO YOUR COMPARTMENTS SECURELY BOLTED, ESPECIALLY YOURS, MRS. WORTHMORE, SINCE HE HAS THE DIAMOND!



BACK IN HIS OWN COMPARTMENT. SOMETIME LATER--

HO-HUM--I GUESS I'LL HIT THE HAY! OH-OH-- SOMEONE'S AT THE DOOR!

KNOCK KNOCK



MRS. WORTHMORE, WHAT'S WRONG?

I FORGOT TO TAKE MY LUGGAGE KEYS FROM MY SON...I KNOCKED AT HIS DOOR BUT HE DIDN'T ANSWER!



HE'S A VERY LIGHT SLEEPER AND SHOULD HAVE HEARD ME! I'M WORRIED!

WELL, LET'S GO ALONG AND TRY ONCE MORE!



MR. WORTHMORE, OPEN UP... IT'S ME, THE BLACK HOOD!



HEY! ARE YOU TRYIN' TO WAKE UP THE WHOLE TRAIN WITH THAT RACKET? WHAT GOES ON HERE, HOOD!



WHO IS THIS PERSON?

THIS PERSON IS SERGEANT MC-GINTY OF THE NORTHVILLE POLICE FORCE... AND RIGHT NOW I THINK HE'D BETTER CALL THE CONDUCTOR, SO WE CAN GET THIS DOOR OPEN!

HUH?



A FEW MINUTES LATER...

IF IT ISN'T SOMEONE GETTING LOCKED IN THEIR ROOM, IT'S SOMEONE GETTIN' LOCKED OUT! TROUBLE, ALWAYS TROUBLE!



GOOD LORD!



MY SON... HE'S... HE'S DEAD!

HOW HORRIBLE!





HERE, KARAT, CATCH THIS
CAN OF TOBACCO!
JUST AS I THOUGHT,
A "LEFTY"!



WHERE'S THE
DIAMOND!

DIAMOND?
OH, YOU WANT
TO SEE
DIAMONDS!
JUST A MOMENT,
I'LL SHOW
THEM TO
YOU!



SOMETHING BOTHERS ME ABOUT
THAT LEFT-HANDED THEORY OF
MINE! A RIGHT HANDER STANDING
BEHIND HIM COULDN'T POSSIBLY
HAVE DRIVEN THE KNIFE IN
THAT WAY!



S-1
AND HE WAS SURELY
STABBED FROM
BEHIND...OR
WAS HE?



SAY, WHAT'S THAT FUNNY
SMELL! IT SEEMS TO BE
COMING FROM SOMEWHERE
OUT HERE!



GUESS I WAS
WRONG!



HEY!





LUCKY FOR ME THAT I GRABBED THIS RAIL!



LOCKED OUT! WELL, THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO GET IN AGAIN!



AND THAT'S THAT..

SMASH!



THAT WAS A PRETTY NARROW SQUEAK--BUT NOW I'M BEGINNING TO SEE DAYLIGHT!



UNKNOWINGLY THE KILLER LEFT A VERY DEFINITE CLUE-- I'M GOING BACK TO HAVE ANOTHER LOOK AT THE BODY!



AHA! I DID OVERLOOK SOMETHING AFTER ALL, IN MY FIRST EXAMINATION!

I'LL TAKE A SAMPLE OF THIS STUFF ON MY HANDKERCHIEF!

NOW TO PUT MY ROMANTIC THEORY TO THE TEST!

F

OH!
DID I FRIGHTEN YOU?

YES...I WASN'T EXPECTING ANYONE! BUT I'M GLAD YOU CAME BACK!

YOU DIDN'T THINK I'D FORGET YOU!

YOU, PLUS THAT PERFUME IS A COMBINATION...

I FIND THAT HARD TO RESIST!

KILL 'EM WITH LOVE,
EH, MISS GRAY?
DROP IT!



Y' MEAN, SHE'S
THE KILLER,
HOOD? BUT I
THOUGHT ONLY
A "LEFTY" COULD
STAB HIM THAT
WAY FROM
BEHIND!

FROM BEHIND, YES! BUT
SUPPOSE SHE WAS IN
FRONT OF HIM WHEN
SHE STABBED HIM WITH
THIS LETTER OPENER!



IN HIS ARMS TO BE EXACT! THAT WOULD
ACCOUNT FOR THE POSITION OF THE KNIFE
LOOKING LIKE THE WORK OF A LEFT-HANDER!
AND IF ANYMORE EVIDENCE IS NEEDED,
THIS LIPSTICK ON MY LIPS SHOULD BE
ENOUGH! THE SAME BRAND THAT WAS
ON WORTHMORE'S LIPS
WHEN SHE KISSED HIM
JUST BEFORE STABBING
HIM!



YOUR *PERFUME*
GAVE YOU AWAY, MISS
GRAY, WHEN YOU TRIED
TO PUSH ME OFF THE
TRAIN! YOU WERE
DETERMINED TO STEAL
THAT DIAMOND, NO
MATTER HOW MANY
PEOPLE YOU KILLED,
WEREN'T YOU?



TOO BAD, YOU DIDN'T
KNOW I HAD THE
DIAMOND! WORTHMORE
GAVE IT TO ME TO
GUARD WHEN WE
GOT ON THE
TRAIN!

WHY,
YOU
DIRTY...

EASY,
SISTER!
YER
UNDER
ARREST!



LATER...

PRETTY NASTY
OUT HEY, BUB!
NICE NIGHT
FOR A
MURDER!



YOU'RE SO RIGHT,
CHUM! YOU'RE SO
RIGHT!

HUH!



THE
END

Black HOOD PUZZLE PAGE



1. **START**
CAN YOU REACH THE BLACK HOOD THROUGH THIS MAZE?



WHEN YOU DECODE THE LETTERS THEN UNSCRAMBLE THEM AND SEE IF YOU CAN SPELL THE NAMES OF TWO CHARACTERS WHO APPEAR IN THIS MAGAZINE —



THE NUMBERS UNDER THE MAGNIFYING GLASS SIGNIFY DIFFERENT LETTERS IN THE ALPHABET—SUCH AS A=1, 2=B ETC.

2. CAN YOU FIGURE OUT THIS CROSSWORD PUZZLE?



ACROSS

1. PAL
2. AN OATH
7. SHORT FOR CYRUS
8. A PERIOD OF TIME
9. NOTRE DAME (ABBR. BACKWARDS)
10. PADDLE USED TO PROPEL A ROWBOAT
11. CENTER FIELDER (ABBR)
13. OFFICE WAR INFORMATION (ABBR)
14. THE SON OF A BROTHER IN LAW

DOWN

2. A BEAM OF LIGHT
3. EQUAL IN QUALITY
4. A WORD THAT DENIES—USED IN THE PLACE OF NEITHER
5. PYGMY
7. SING
9. LETTING LIQUID FALL IN DROPS
11. GREAT FEAR—TERROR
12. ROD USED IN PLAYING BILLIARDS

ANSWERS

1. BARBARA
2. MEGINTY



PROBLEM No. 2. PROBLEM No. 3.



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HOW JUST TWO WORDS TURNED MAC INTO A HE-MAN!

MAYBE WE BETTER GO INSIDE. HERE COMES THAT BIG GORILLA, GUS!

'FRAID HE'LL BITE YOU LITTLE BOY?



WELL, "SKINNY MAC" RUN ALONG NOW-- ALICE AND I ARE STEPPING OUT!

BUT ALICE HAS A DATE WITH ME!



MAYBE SHE DID HAVE ONE BUT NOT NOW!--YOU WEAKLING!

SORRY MAC-- BUT I CAN'T HELP IT IF YOU'RE SO HELPLESS!



"YOU WEAKLING" HE CALLED ME! I'LL MAKE HIM EAT THOSE TWO WORDS! I'LL SEND FOR CHARLES ATLAS' FREE BOOK AND FIND OUT HOW TO BE A REAL HE-MAN!



BOY! ATLAS REALLY BUILDS MEN FAST--JUST LOOK AT THOSE MUSCLES! NOW WATCH ME SHOW UP THAT BIG "SHOW OFF."



WHAT! YOU HERE AGAIN? SCRAM! BEFORE I--

OH YEAH?



WHAM

OH MAC, YOU'RE WONDERFUL! WHAT A HE-MAN YOU GOT TO BE!



I Can Make YOU a New Man, Too --in Only 15 Minutes a Day!

If you (like Mac), are fed up with being "pushed around"--if you're sick and tired of having the kind of a body that people PITY instead of ADMIRE--then give me just 15 minutes a day! That's all I need to PROVE I can make you a NEW MAN!

I know what I'm talking about. I was once a thin, peepless, 97-pound "bag of bones" myself. Then I discovered my now-famous secret, "Dynamic Tension." It turned me into "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man." And I have used this secret to rebuild thousands of other scrawny, half-alive weaklings into perfect, red-blooded specimens of real HE-MANHOOD. Let me prove that I can do the same for YOU!

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Charles Atlas

--actual photo of Charles Atlas, winner and holder of the title "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

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